

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Hannah Sanford,

WELL KNOWN

IN MIDDLETOWN, ORANGE CO., NEW YORK.

JULY 24, 1862,

AND OF

Mr. H. W. Sanford,

WHO DIED

IN NEWARK, NEW JERSEY,

FEBRUARY, 1844

NEW YORK

WYNKOP, HA. LEMUEL & THOMAS, PRINTERS,

113 FULTON STREET

1862



*J. N.*

"Jasper Crane, Sen., (says Mr. ~~T. N.~~ Congar of Newark,) apparently came from England with Eaton and Davenport, and at the organization of the New Haven Colony, at or about 1640, the oath of fidelity to the government by them established, was first taken by Gov. Eaton. He then gave, or administered it to his associates, among whom was Jasper Crane. His children, with the exception of John, were probably born in Connecticut. He died in Newark about 1678." His children were

John, *Azariah*, Jasper, and Hannah (Huntington).

*Azariah* married Mary, daughter of Robert Treat, and died 1730, in his 83d year. His children were

Nathaniel, Azariah, *John*, Robert, Mary (Baldwin), and Jane (Richards).

*John* married Rebecca —, and died 1776, in his 81st year. His children were

Jonas, Samuel, *John*, Obadiah, Eliakim, Elias, Matthias, and Benjamin.

*John* married for his first wife, Hannah —, who died 1779, aged 46 years; and for his second wife, Rhoda Lyon, the widow of James Wheeler. Died about 1790. His children were

Sayres, Azariah, ~~Matthias~~, Martha, Rebecca, Hannah, (who died 1776, aged 4 years,) and Hannah (Sanford).

Sayres died suddenly, in Newark, leaving a wife and daughter, who probably married a Lawrence.

Azariah died in Philadelphia, about 1812, leaving a wife and daughter.

Martha married a Baldwin, lived in Hackensack, N. J., and the names of her children we have not heard, except a son, John, who was a Presbyterian clergyman.

Rebecca married David D. Crane, and died about 18<sup>10</sup>20, leaving a number of children.

~~Matthias~~ died in Fayette County, Penn., in 1838, aged 73 years. His children were James Coggs-well, (Rev.) Josiah, John, Deborah (Freeman), Hannah Johnson, and Aletta.

Hannah (Sanford) died in Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y., Aug. 24, 1862, aged 78 years. Her children were, Francis Philo, who died suddenly in Orange, N. J., July 12, 1862, and Anna Hannah (Crane), now residing in Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y.

*September, 1862.*



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THIS memorial of Mrs. Sanford is designed for the benefit of relatives and friends, who were acquainted with that instinctive aversion to all parade and show ever evinced by her, and who were too well acquainted with her excellences to consent to their entire removal with the person in whom they shone. An effort to perpetuate her memory will receive their cordial approval, and the faint traces we are enabled to give will be counted worthy of preservation.

For their gratification may it be stated, that her last days were cheered by the sympathy of kind friends, especially by the aid of one who was providentially sent, as if to minister to her consolation in the last hours of life.

The funeral services were attended, upon the following Sabbath, at the Congregational Church, and, from respect to the memory of the departed, the deacons returned with the family, from the house, accompanied by many who wished to look upon the countenance of an aged disciple, sweet in death.

Through a kind Providence, those who attended the remains to the place of burial at Newark, New Jersey

(Mount Pleasant Cemetery), were led through Market street by the place where she was born,\* and in childhood had rambled over the green fields, and also by the home of her ancestors,† and of her earliest associations, not only to remind the living of the changes which time is constantly producing, but also to allure us in our aspirations and hopes, in preparation for a peaceful death and a blessed immortality.

The old family clock, that stood by her door, is performing the same office which it has rendered for four generations, and is admonishing us of the flight of Time, with our frailty and end.

\* Corner of Market and Mulberry streets.

† South-east corner of Market and Broad streets. Concerning this place, says Mr. S. H. Congar: "The south-east corner of Broad and Market streets is the 'west end of the home lot,' of eight acres, which Dea. Azariah Crane, in his will, gave to his son John, the east end being for Robert. On this tract of eight acres stands the First Presbyterian Church. Dea. Azariah Crane married Mary, a daughter of Robert Treat, one of the founders of Newark. In 1692, he returned to Connecticut, where he died in 1710. Dea. Azariah Crane gave his silver bowl to the Church."



# Order of Exercises at the Church.

JULY 27th, 1862.

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Reading of Scriptures, by Rev. George Brown, of Newark,  
New Jersey.

Prayer, by Rev. E. B. Crane, of Brooklyn.

Sermon, by Rev. M. H. Wilder, of Howells.

Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Dr. Marsh, of New York.

The Singing, under the direction of the Choir, was concluded with the hymn, of which the following lines formed a part :

“ There is a calm for those who weep ,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found,  
They softly lie and sweetly sleep,  
Low in the ground.

“ The storm that breaks the winter sky  
No more disturbs their sweet repose,  
Than summer evening's latest sigh,  
That shuts the rose.”

The Sermon was from John, chapter xiv, v. 2, 3, of which the following extracts are kindly furnished by the preacher.

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## S E R M O N .

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[Extracts of Sermon preached from text, John, chap. xiv, v. 2, 3.]

THE place that Jesus prepares for His people must be one of unalloyed happiness. As He will not permit sin to enter, its attendant sorrows will be excluded. One spirit, one interest, will fill every heart, for the love of God will be the ruling passion. This mortal, too, shall have put on immortality, and sickness and pain are known no more. The social affections, the most fruitful source of earthly joys, when sanctified by the spirit of Christ, will form the basis of delightful reunions, and every power find sweet employ in the service of God. That place of our abode must have the Father's presence, that it may be filled with His glory. There shall be no need of the light of the sun, for the Lord God shall be the light thereof. Jesus must be our Advocate with the Father, and by His intercession secure our pardon, and restoration to His favor. He had paid our ransom, He had provided for the removal of sin; but we must be accepted of the Father, and adopted as heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ, to an inheritance in Heaven. How appro-

priate the words ascribed to Him, as He stands before the throne and pleads:

“ Father, I bring this worthless child to Thee,  
To claim thy pardon, once, yet once, again ;  
Receive him at my hands, for he is mine.  
He is a worthless child, he owns his guilt,  
Look not on him, he cannot bear thy glance,  
Look but on me ; I will hide his filthy garments.  
He pleads not for himself, he dares not plead,  
His cause is mine ; I am his intercessor,  
By that unchanged, unchanging bath of mine,  
By each pure drop of blood I lost for him,  
By all the sorrows graven on my soul,  
By all the wounds I bear, I claim it due.  
Father divine ! I would not have him lost,  
He is a worthless child, but he is mine.”

Jesus thus pleads for all his redeemed ones, offering Himself as their surety, and through Him they are made heirs to the place He has prepared.

But He will come again. Not to abide with us, as in the days of His flesh, nor yet after the whole work of preparation is made, merely to take us home. Along the whole line of a pious ancestry, God has remembered His covenant ; He has aided in our warfare, and when sin has well nigh prevailed, and our hopes of Heaven have almost gone, Jesus has been with us, strengthened us, given us the victory, and has formed within us the hope of glory. In all our afflictions, He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved us. He has given us hope and consolation, and often when about to take His loved ones to their

mansions above, He has perfected His work in them, granted them a new baptism of the Holy Ghost, and, passing through the land of Beulah, He has walked with them, in full view of the celestial city, dissipating every doubt, removing every fear, filling the soul with the fullness of His love, and, with a convoy of angels, wafting them across the river, He has taken them home to dwell in His presence, with songs and everlasting joy. His Spirit was their Comforter, His rod and staff were their support in the hour of death, and the glories that break upon their view, as they walked the golden streets, were but the rays that beamed from the Father's throne.

Mrs. Sanford, whose remains are soon to be carried to their resting place, was a witness to the faithfulness of Jesus. When about twenty-three years of age, under the pastoral care of Rev. Dr. Griffin, of Newark, N. J., she made a public profession of religion, and for more than half a century her daily life witnessed the sincerity of her faith, and when Jesus came to receive her to Himself, she had finished her work and was ready to depart.

Though a comparative stranger, I may be permitted to say, the records of the various Christian and charitable institutions will show that she hath done what she could while she lived, and that her prayers and her alms have gone up as a memorial before God. To the praise of Divine Grace may

it be recorded, that her ancestry had regard to the covenant, and laid their children successively upon the altar, and, according to His promise, God made them early the subjects of His renewing grace. I would, if possible, follow the departed in her upward flight, and catch some rays of that glory in which she now dwells. May we not participate with her in the joys of her reunion with that son from whom she parted, in her sickness, but two weeks before her death, in all the strength of manhood, but who was, in the strange ways of God's providence, suddenly called to the house above, that he might welcome her spirit home. May we not partake of her transports of joy as she meets the husband of her youth, and they recount their varied experiences of God's grace during their long separation. With what interest will she review the long train of old associations, as she meets a mother in Israel, from whose lips in early life she received the words of counsel, and the companions of her maturer years, who had with her a common interest in the Christian's work. It must have been a happy meeting. But imagination even cannot comprehend these heights of glory. We only know that there are assembled prophets, apostles, martyrs, and the great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, kindred, and peoples, and tongues, and that they stand before the throne, clothed with white robes, and

palms in their hands, ascribing salvation to our God, who sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb.

Mourning friends, these are earthly scenes. We are yet in the tabernacle of clay, and when the cords of affection are sundered, our tears must flow. They are the tribute of affection to departing friends. God has laid his hand heavily upon you. The husband and brother were taken almost without warning. How dark and mysterious the ways of God! And now, ere that sudden gush of tears was stayed, the mother, like a shock of wheat in its season fully ripe, is gathered into the garner above. She was spared long, and to you was committed the blessed privilege of ministering to her comfort, of handing her down to the banks of the river, and of delivering her to the convoy of angels sent to convey her to the bosom of her Saviour. Do not mourn; rather rejoice, even in your tears, that they both are, in all the vigor of their immortal youth, serving God in that house not made with hands.

I need not refer you to Jesus as the source of consolation. You know His love. You have enjoyed His grace! May we not find in the considerations presented abundant encouragement for a new consecration to the work assigned us. We have but little time, and much to do, and when the time of our departure is at hand, and angels

wait to waft us to our mansions in glory, may our work be finished, our lamps trimmed with oil, our preparation made; the nearer we approach to our house above, the richer will be the earnest of our inheritance.

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[Delivered the first Sabbath after the burial, August 3d, 1862, by the Pastor.]

*"A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.—REVELATIONS, xxxi, 30.*

PRAISE, said the royal Psalmist, is comely, and no act is more appropriate than the offering of praise to the memory of the virtuous and good. When called to contend with the changes and conflicts of life, and the thousand ills to which flesh is heir, or, having rested from their labors, they are present with the Lord, the pious are objects of the Divine regard, and are entitled to our highest praise. Clouds may interpose, and the tongue of calumny may assail, yet in the purpose of God and in the counsels of Heaven, every virtuous, pious soul is enshrined, as a child of God and an heir of glory. All that remains for us is to confirm the claim, and prove the title to that exalted character, which is its best eulogist, and its sure reward.

In comparison with such a character, the robes of honor and the splendors of earth are idle and vain, it being man's highest achievement and richest possession.



The woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised, in the family and sanctuary, in life and in death, in time and in eternity, and though feeble our words, yet are they offered in sincerity and truth, as a tribute to the memory of a sainted mother, and of an endeared Christian woman.

Upon the afternoon of the last Lord's day, the funeral services of Mrs. Sanford were attended in a manner most fit and appropriate, omitting nothing which the most fastidious could have wished or desired, and yet our feelings prompt to this tribute, as justified by filial respect and pastoral fidelity. In harmony with the life she had lived in this village, which was chiefly at home, and for the last year entirely confined to her own house, the services were conducted without the aid of the lifeless form, too often needed to lend solemnity to the scene. By some of us, the prayers offered, the hymns sung, and the words of Christian comfort spoken, will not soon be forgotten, and we trust will never be lost.

Through that kind Providence which tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, the day was in sympathy with the calm repose of the pious dead, and our hearts were comforted when we went to the sanctuary of the dead, the following day, and upon the banks of the Passaic laid away the sleeping dead to await the final summons of our Lord. The transparent air, the clear heavens, the beautiful

sky, and the earth teeming with its fruits, led our hearts, with those of sympathizing friends, to trust in the Lord for His goodness, and for His mercies to the children of men.

Upon our return from the grave, fond memory revels in the past, and seeks to recall the evidences of a Christian piety which give promise of a life to come.

More than half a century has passed since the subject of this notice enrolled the name of Hannah Crane among the followers of the Lamb, in Newark, New Jersey, under the pastoral care of Rev. Dr. Griffin. The season of her hopeful conversion was associated in her mind with a remarkable religious interest in the town and vicinity, and produced an impression she has lived to cherish and indulge. About one hundred at the same time became members of the Church of Christ with her, the church of her fathers, and the church of her earliest recollections and choice.

By father and mother, Mrs. S. was the descendant of some of the original families of the town, that brought with them their pastor, and also their church, from Branford, Connecticut, and needed not the organization of a church, or to make out a pastoral call, for one to administer the ordinances of the Gospel upon the settlement of the town, since they had provided themselves with both before they left Connecticut for the banks of the

Passaic. If we may not subscribe to the article of agreement adopted by those fathers, that all who should take part in their civil affairs should be members of some Congregational church, yet we rejoice in the evidences of their love for the churches of Jesus Christ, and of their fidelity to their vows, in zeal, faith and works.

Though the church transported by the fathers has changed its polity, by the adoption of an eldership, yet its original faith and order still continue, and probably but few, if any, of our churches have maintained greater steadfastness and permanence with equal beauty, or with less friction and trouble. We love to visit the churches planted by the fathers of Newark and vicinity, and it should be no cause of marvel that our sainted mother ever turned to Newark as the home of her ancestors, and the place where she should choose to be buried. From her final resting-place can be seen the grave of the pastor by whom she was first welcomed to the fold and the table of Christ, and not far are registered the names of many who waited with her upon the ministry of Dr. Griffin, and alike rejoiced in his eloquence and power, the savor of whose name is among the churches of our day, as the chariot and horsemen of Israel, in summoning the people of God to courage and to hope.

Bereft of a fond mother in early life, and cherishing the memories of her early home with delight,

the young disciple of Christ was soon brought into a close alliance with one who had made a profession of the same precious faith with herself, and whose name she preferred afterward to her own.

Her chosen companion had made a public profession of his faith in Massachusetts, under the pastoral care of a revered and beloved grandfather, Rev. David Sanford, and at the time of their marriage was employed in Newark as a teacher in one of the public schools. Soon after, he relinquished the business of teaching for the more active and exciting scenes of mercantile life, in which he continued till his death, in 1844.

During this time they resided in New York, Brooklyn, Attleboro, Massachusetts, and again in Newark. When in New York they were under the pastoral care of Rev. Dr. Spring; in Brooklyn, under the pastoral care of Rev. Joseph Sanford, Rev. Dr. Carroll, and Rev. George Duffield, Jr.; in Attleboro they were members of the Second Congregational Church, and upon their return to Newark they reunited with the ancient church, under the pastorate of Rev. Dr. Eddy.

By a sudden and severe illness, which soon laid the athletic and healthy form in death, Mrs. Sanford was called to travel alone through the rest of her earthly pilgrimage. From her very infirm condition, it was her choice to reside with her children,

which she did, but chiefly with her daughter, in whose family she was called to die.

During her repeated removals, she carried with her to her new home letters of dismission and recommendation, and accordingly she brought to this church her letter of membership, upon her removal to this place. By a happy coincidence, the year of her birth (1784) dates only one year previous to the year in which this church was organized, into whose privileges and labors we have entered, and at the time of her death was the oldest member in the church.

It was always her rule, in every place, to attend upon the ordinary services of the sanctuary, and also all meetings for special prayer and praise. Often she imagined her profit was greater from the prayer meetings of the church than from the more public ministrations of the sanctuary, and one of her last wishes expressed to us, as yet unfulfilled, was that our prayer meetings might be provided with a place more appropriate than what is now enjoyed.

It is our earnest prayer that her good wishes will not die with her, and that the sympathy shown by the congregation may lead to some arrangement that will form a fitting testimonial to her active Christian life.

To the various benevolent enterprises of the churches she was a regular contributor, and her name will be missed among their constant regular benefactors. The Missionary, Bible and Tract Societies enlisted her warmest sympathy, and her country's call she regarded as sacred and imperative. The progress of our army, and the prosperity of our National Government, were among the last of those topics that engrossed her attention and moved her heart. Heresy and rebellion, or schism, in morals and religion, in Church and State, were objects of her utter detestation, whilst truth and benevolence furnished the themes of her warmest attachment. With a delicacy of temperament and a feebleness of body that were peculiar, her mind would assume a vigor and strength equal to any emergency, and her heart would rise to a pitch of nobleness and grandeur that would leave the impression her faith and love were of God.

To know, however, the subject of this sketch, she must be learned at home, in the circle of her domestic cares and duties, where taste and order, industry and economy, were beautifully blended with truth and benevolence, to form a character that was harmonious, Christian and heavenly. Incidents and illustrations might be recited indefinitely, were it not for an apparent intrusion into the sanctities of private life, and a necessary expo-

sure of a loss at that home which is now despoiled of one of its surest props and sweetest comforts.

In a brief account of the closing scene we must be indulged, as peculiarly sweet and touching, and forming an appropriate conclusion to a life, for more than half a century consecrated to the service of our Divine Master.

Upon a pleasant Sabbath evening, after the services of the day, about two months since, Mrs. Sanford remarked that there was no help for her, and that, in submission to the Divine will, she must prepare for the world to come. We could discern no particular change in her, except an increasing weakness, which led her thus to feel and to speak. This led her to speak more particularly of her anxieties and fears, arising from her sense of unworthiness, which would forbid any hope, except through the atoning blood of Jesus Christ. The fact, that Christ would not disappoint nor deceive her, gave to her mind great relief, and the hope of meeting a large company of kindred and friends, who had gone before, would lead her to desire a change. Only a very few of the generation to which she belonged were lingering on the shores of Time, and her hour was nigh at hand. A fortnight previous to her departure, a message was sent to her son, that his mother was apparently about leaving us. The same evening he was at her bedside, and, notwithstanding her great weak-

ness, she requested the devotions of the family might be attended that evening in her room. In the prospect of her speedy departure, she wished one more prayer—that all thus assembled might meet in an unbroken circle, around the throne of God in Heaven. According to the custom of the family, before prayer, a hymn was selected—one of her favorites—and her voice could be heard sweetly blending with the rest in singing,

“ Now begin the heavenly theme,  
Sing aloud in Jesus' name,  
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,  
Triumph in redeeming love.”

Around that altar, the loved and the absent were not forgotten, and that one request was the burden of the prayer that not one might fail of the great salvation and come short of heaven.

A day or two after, that son returned to his own home in Orange, N. J., but not without an affectionate counsel and a season of prayer, in which her tongue was loosed, and she prayed as did the mother of Samuel in the temple, without any restraint or hindrance. That was a final parting; but, contrary to all expectation, the son went first to his grave. A night or two after the son left, the mother wished one more prayer for herself, that she might be continued in the fear of the Lord to the end, and in her last hours she might not dishonor the cause of her Lord and Master.



In the deep silence of the night, she called to her bedside one who might lead her thoughts to God in meditation and prayer, and could carry her case to the throne of grace.

This was the only hour when her faith seemed to waver, and this arose from a want of confidence in herself, and not from a distrust of God. Most sweetly she yielded all up to God, and from that time to the end she could rest in God without any anxiety or concern.

When the sad and strange tidings were communicated to her of the death of her son—her own son, her dear son—in common with the rest of us, she expressed a surprise, but immediately added, she had done for him all she could, and, if he was prepared, it was all right. To the praise of the glory of Divine grace, we are enabled to add that, though, he was called away suddenly and unexpectedly, when asked, in view of his speedy departure, if he had anything to say or to do, he could answer nothing; his work was done, and his hope for final salvation was in the mercy of God through Jesus Christ.\*

Peacefully and quietly the sainted mother left us, leaving for us that sweet and pleasant smile

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\* Mr. Francis Philo Sanford was thrown from his carriage, upon his return from Newark, July 12, about midday, and, after twelve hours of most intense suffering, his spirit was released in the exercise of a spirit of resignation and submission that proved, though the Bridegroom came at midnight, he was found ready.

which no artist's skill can catch or convey, and the blessed Book whose pages she had daily consulted, during the period of her widowhood, and upon whose counsels she had attended when walking with her companion in life, being associated with the memory of aged parents, who had descended the vale of life, in its hallowed light, and had been cheered by its promises in their passage to a world of glory. For a few hours, it is true, the aged pilgrim was called to live in a land of dreams and shadows, that were the result of great weakness, and gave signs of approaching dissolution; but, even in those dreams and shadows, the spirit trusted in God, the Rock of Ages, and our only help.

That life is ended. What we dreaded at first, we regard now as a privilege. In our weakness, we thought we could not consent to the removal of an aged mother from our home, and the thought of a separation by death was almost insupportable; but now we look upon the scene and love to linger, as, at the hour of setting day, the shadows thicken and lengthen, but all is tranquil and serene, inspiring the soul with joy and peace.

I am permitted to come before you this morning in the language of praise, for that peaceful life and tranquil death which the fear of the Lord has produced. We do not claim any more for the departed one than she claimed for herself, and though we

often thought she said more bitter things against herself than her friends would allow, yet we know that the standard she had formed and her rule of judgment were more in harmony with the law of God than human opinions and sentiments. The strongest language of Divine Inspiration concerning the depravity and wickedness of our race bore the aspect of literal truth, and not of figure, and, if she was deceived, her mistake could not proceed from an overweening estimate of her own moral excellence and worth. We praise her, not because of any purer blood that flowed in her veins, or for any natural blessing she had inherited, but for that piety which controlled her life and shaped her destiny, which sustained her in the hour of affliction and trial, and leaves to us the sweet hope that her spirit is now in glory.

We praise her, because of the good which piety prepared her to receive and to enjoy. A period of almost eighty years is no small period in human history, and if any are tempted to reason that her piety deprived her of great good she might have enjoyed, we answer, it is because of the infinite good in piety we praise her. What if she sought not the halls of gaiety and mirth, and frequented not the places of worldly amusement and revelry, she had found a good, in comparison with which all earthly good is an idle dream and an empty show. It was hers to see a good in the beauties

of creation, in the wonders of Divine Providence, and in the mysteries of Infinite Grace.

In early life, she needed not the viol or the dance to move her passions, nor in old age did she need the world's bewildering maze to cheat her fancy and beguile her heart. With a cultivated taste for order and color, for propriety and excellence, her criticisms were clear, her judgment nicely balanced and adjusted, and her decisions prompt, firm and unwavering.

These are the qualities that decide the hero or heroine, wherever found, and must always command the world's reverence and esteem. With woman's constancy and love, she never wavered, and what a world of good was it hers to receive and enjoy.

We praise her for the good piety enabled her to do. Possessed of a piety that was intelligent, her goodness was like that of the gentle stream, whose flow is ever constant, and of the genial light, whose blessings are registered in a thousand forms, that need to be treasured up to be known, which for three score years made her the friend of law and order, the defender of insulted truth and wounded honor, and the supporter of every cause that sought the well-being of our race. No pastor could ever complain of coldness or neglect at her hands, and no object of benevolence, that could command the homage of her judgment, was allowed to pass her

unaided. Every enterprise that related to the moral strifes and conflicts of men enlisted her warmest energies, and only in the great day of final reckoning can the good rendered by such a life be seen and known.

In her declining years, her heart sought, as its fondest desire, that one who bore the name she had long cherished and loved should be trained for the work of the Christian ministry, and, could that event be secured, her glorified spirit would almost leave the battlements of heaven, to sing in a louder, sweeter strain the song of Redeeming Love on the shores of Time.

We praise her for the good now inherited, to be forever enjoyed. The body which needed the soul to quicken its life-blood, the winds to cool its fevered brow and assuage its burning heat, and the fruits of earth to feed its energies, has gone to the grave; but the soul is free, no longer limited to the boundaries of Time, and has entered upon a good that will forever remain in permanence and possession. All the good in knowledge and in possession, in perfection and in glory, will be hers, in comparison with which the good already enjoyed is only the early dawn, before the full-orbed day, and the little rill that is lost in the majestic river and the mighty ocean. In the exchange of Time for Eternity, of earth for heaven, the gain is infinite; leaving the anxieties and cares,

turmoils and troubles, sins and sorrows, decay, destitution and death, for eternal purity and peace, for infinite blessedness and glory.

By a happy figure, the ancients called their places of graves cemeteries, dormitories and sleeping places; and when our friends are borne to the grave, if they died in the Lord, we may regard them as having fallen asleep in Jesus, to be awakened by the voice of their Redeemer, who said, "I am the Resurrection and the Life. Because I live, ye shall live also."

The good in reserve for the saints, in the society and employments of heaven, in the gratification of their desires, and the possession of an Infinite Good, cause us to pray that the places made vacant by death may be filled, and that those who are in the morning of their days may choose the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom, and to depart from evil, which is understanding.

## II.

Eighteen years have passed since we were called to mourn the death of Mr. N. W. Sanford. After this lapse of time, his noble, manly form, generous sympathies and Christian devotion, his interest for the young, with his integrity and benevolence as a merchant, a neighbor and friend, awaken emotions that we love to cherish, with ever-increasing gratitude and praise. He was the eldest son of Mr. Philo Sanford, of Medway, Massachusetts, and grandson of Rev. David Sanford, pastor of the second Congregational Church, Medway.

Mr. Sanford early located in Newark, the native place of Mrs. Sanford, and will be remembered by many for those strong attachments and manly associations that have endeared his memory and found expression in the following abstract of remarks made by his pastor, Rev. Dr. Eddy, at his funeral.

The recent death of his brother-in-law and executor, Horace Holden, Esq., of New York city, in its mode and circumstances most vividly recalled the sympathy and attachment that existed between them, and cannot fail to produce the impression that their powers are now employed in that praise which flowed from their lips and inspired their hearts, while with kindred and friends here on earth.

## THE INHERITANCE OF A GOOD MAN.

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[An abstract of remarks at the funeral of N. W. SANFORD, of Newark, N. J.,  
by Rev. A. D. Eddy.]

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It would be natural for us to dwell upon the melancholy circumstances attending the event that has convened us to-day. The fond expectations so suddenly cut off; long maturing and judicious arrangements for usefulness and rational enjoyment defeated; this pleasant habitation shrouded in gloom; a fond family bereaved, and a widow crushed to the dust. The Christian friend, who is to be buried from our sight to-day, came among us to spend the evening of his days in retirement from the active pursuits of life, and in useful engagements with the friends of the Redeemer. In every department of Christian duty he was prepared to engage with all his heart, and had already identified himself with the best interests of the community, and was fast reaping the reward of his affectionate attachment and faithful services among us. Not his family alone, are bereaved. The widow, in her loneliness and tears, has many with her to deplore the loss she most severely suffers. But the husband, the father, the friend, is gone; and I rejoice that, while we mourn, we have an



abundant cause for gratitude in the remembrance we may cherish of his many virtues as a friend and a Christian. His life he has left to us, as the legacy of a good man, and we may say of him, as the wise man of old, "A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children."

What we most prize on earth, it is natural for us to desire may be inherited by those that come after us; whether it be wealth, or fame, or pleasure. But the good man's treasure is in truth and holiness, in the love of virtue and the grace of God. This is the inheritance he leaves to his children's children.

1. The inheritance of a good man consists in his *good name*. The profligate and abandoned claim with pride an alliance with virtue, and will glory in their descent from intelligence and worth, though it seems only to illustrate their apostasy and shame. The name of the skeptic, the wicked and abandoned, no one can bear but with the unavoidable fear of an entailed curse; while the memory of the good, the *names* of the pious are cherished as the sacred relics, that carry a charm and security. They linger not alone upon the ear, but call in fresh remembrance the virtues their original authors bore, and call forth a thousand prayers and labors that with the *name* may descend the virtue and piety it commemorates. There is virtue in reputation for moral worth, I had almost said a

mysterious efficacy; and there is a principle in man that feels it. Inspiration declares, The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot. A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. A good name is better than precious ointment.

The name of a good man lives—and it lives an honor to his posterity—a source of virtuous and commendable rejoicing—a check and reproof to degeneracy—a sanction and encouragement to virtue and piety.

2. The inheritance of a good man consists in his example. This is one of the most powerful means of action upon the minds and morals of posterity. It is chiefly by example, that the character of the world is formed. Parental example is all-powerful. No inturning influence can destroy its form. It is the first the mind feels, and it is the last the heart relinquishes. There is something natural and pleasing in the unbroken fondness with which we appeal to the examples of our fathers. This is law; it is more than law. It has a sacred and commanding force, and it is filial impiety to refuse respect. Respect it or not, it is so interwoven with our earliest associations and habits of thought and action, that, while we may shrink from example, we feel its force, and its very image will forever rest upon us. How precious then is the example of a *good man*! The moral sensibilities of our

nature feel it before they acquire strength of depravity to act against it, and it often breaks the strongest hold of sin and the world over us. Inspiration records, as prominent in guilt, those who have broken loose from the example of pious fathers, and draws its most forcible instructions from the lives of the pure in heart.

3. The inheritance of a good man consists in the education which he gives to his children. I do not mean the instruction of his precept and example alone. I mean that it is the good man that most often values and secures to his house the benefit of liberal instruction in useful knowledge; clear, correct, and systematic truths of the Gospel. It is such a man who discerns the connection between ignorance and vice—between imperfect education and ruinous pride. Above all, he seeks to secure to his offspring a knowledge of God's word, the principle of morality and true religion. A good man educates his children by prayer, precept, and example, early, continually, always, and thus binds them to himself, to the same truth he embraces, to virtue and holiness. Trained in the way they should go, he knows they will not depart from it.

4. The inheritance of a good man consists in his piety and his prayers. Piety is the sweet bond of social life, the chief security of domestic peace. Where there is no line of religious influence run-

ning along the domestic connection, families soon become deranged, if not broken up. They ere long pass away in poverty, ignorance, and crime. It is one of the fixed laws of God's kingdom, incorporated in the Decalogue—I am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generations of them that hate me, and showing mercy to thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments. There is a redeeming power in parental piety and prayer, which long survives the parental relation. There is not only a living power in the piety and remembered prayers of a father's house, appealing to the sympathies of filial affection, and restraining the waywardness of life, but the blessing of God most often falls upon the engagements and the souls of those who inherit such a parentage. The promised blessings of the gracious covenant are based upon this principle. The promise was to Abram and to his seed—so the Psalmist declares, I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread; and the apostle, in centuries after, adds, the promises are to you and to your children. Time will not allow me to speak of the power of parental prayer, as often recorded in the Bible; how it has arisen in most unexpected moments and wrought deliverance; how it has come back from the grave and eternity with the solemnity of the resurrection and the grace of God, falling on

the ear of the depraved and wandering prodigal, as from lips divine; entering the soul as the voice of a departed spirit speaking from the realities of eternity and heaven.

I might speak of the inheritance that a good man leaves in his habits of benevolence, of charity, of peace, in the composure with which he lies down to die. Though dead, he continues long to speak to the living; to enrich, to bless, to comfort the widow that sorrows and the offspring that mourns, and, like a visitant of mercy, seems to sojourn with them still, or, as a messenger of God, invites them to the skies, and gently leads the way.

You know I speak cautiously respecting the dead. But I may say with confidence, our departed father and friend was truly a *good man*. His children may claim his inheritance, and we all come to share in the same rich legacy. It is ample enough for us all. We all are bereaved, and we all saw and, I trust, estimate his worth. For many years I have known the deceased, and always respected him as a man, a gentleman, a friend, and a Christian. Many of you have known him much longer, and can attest his uniform cheerfulness in doing good. Having passed an active and laborious life, he came among us to spend, as we hoped, many years in reaping the rewards of the faithful. He had just completed all his arrangements, and they were well adapted to the end he had in view.

His seat in the church of God was ever filled. He loved all our special services. He had his class in the Sabbath school, and was the visitor of the afflicted, the widow, and the kind friend of the young. There was a punctuality in all his religious duties, and a pleasantness and courtesy in all his intercourse, that greatly commended his religion and endeared him to us all. He was a firm friend to his minister and to his Saviour's cause. It was his meat and drink to do the will of God. In his moral worth, his social affections, his religious excellence, we all recognize both our loss and abundant cause for gratitude to God for his example and the *inheritance* he has left. And I now point to these as a rich consolation to the widow, in her loneliness, and to his offspring.









